

AMOREA.

Vol. I. A
The Lost Lover.

O R

The Idea of Love and Misfortune.

B E I N G

Poems, Sonets, Songs, Odes,
Pastoral, Elegies, Lyrick Poems,
and Epigrams.

Never before Printed.

WRITTEN

by PATHERICKE JENKYN, Gent.

L O N D O N,

Printed for William Leake and are to be sold
at the Sign of the Crown in Fleet street be-
tween the two Temple Gates. 1661.

THE LOSS I OVER

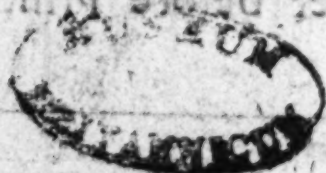
OR

THE LOSS OF LOVE AND MISFORTUNE

BEING

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BY PATERICK JENKIN, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for W. L. and are to be sold
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To his ever Honoured friend
Mr P. L. on his Amorea.

118

Should I commend thy Poems, that would be
A needless complement, for all do see:

That do but read thy works, thou hast out-gone,

More then I'me able speak, or think upon?

Yet this I dare asirme what thou hast writ

Thou hast not borrowed from anothers wit:

Thy muse doth scorn that any one should say

I've read those verses once before to day,

No thus I'll pubblish (with a be it known

To all the world) the Poems are thy own

Thy Amorea hath no other plumes

To set her out, no Baint, nor yet perfumes,

No braded hair, no Peacock-couller gown?

She's in a modest dress, and tis her own

In which i'll leave her to the publick view

Of the Ingenious Readers: friend Adus.

Jo. Frankelins

misstegenkins

To my dear friend Mr. P. J. on his
Amorca.

THou dost not writ of Armies, or of Fights,
Of Monsters, Giants, nor of armed Knights,
Nor how great Ladies did in Castles lie,
By strange adventures, gaining libertie,
No dreadfull Battells thou describ'st for fear,
It should be harsh to any Ladies eare,
Nor dost thou sing of Travells, that may bring
Truth in suspicion: thou dost not sing
Of strange prodigious Monsters, whose birth,
Without production sprung from the earth,
No, those poor Rabbles thou dost scorn too touch
Thy fancie flyeth to a higher pitch.
Thy passion being fired from above,
Thou sing'st that noble, noble passion Love.

A. Mathews.

To his Ingenious Friend Mr. P. J. on his
Poems of the King's Return.

Velcome sweet soul into the Company
Of noble Poets; (welcome again say I)
Where hast thou been? tell us, how could thy worth
Lie hid so long, why did it not break forth?
Where wert thou when as half the world did sing
The glorious welcomes of our Sacred King,
Did *Amores* so much hold thy mind
In due observance? that thou could'st not find
One hour to express thy joyes with us:
No'twas not so, the reason sure was thus.
Thou went'st into *Arabia*, to bring
A Quill from off the Widow-Phoenix's wing,
With which thou'lt written, that thy Loyalty
Is so apparent, as the world may see,
If they but read thy Poems, thou'lt out gone,
Not only half, but most, that writ upon
Our Kings Return; thy enemies do think
Thou writ'st in gold, and not with vulgar Ink.

Jo. Dancie.

To his esteemed friend Mr. P. J.
On his Poems.

VV

Where's that thou bearest, how couldst thou
Lie hid so long, why did it not break forth?
Where's that thou bearest, when shall the world
Thee know, welcome of our sacred
(Spirit)

A Ide me Ben Jonsons Ghost, come Cleavelands
Might I old Quarles his smoothness but inherit,
Or were I metamorphis'd for a while
Into some Lofty Poet, my poor stile.
Must needs come very short of shine, yet I,
Will pay my tribute to thy Poetrie,
Which if you do except, although a mite,
I'm sure tis full of love, though it want waight

Not only this, but more, that will upon
Our Kings, & Courts; my enemies do think
That I'm in gold, and not in silver.
T. M.

To his Dear Brother, on his *America*.

I S't true, I have a Poet-Brother, who
Hath seen Mount *Hellicon* at twenty two,
Been bred up with the *Muses*, and hath quaff'd
Of the *Pierian* Fount a liberal draught,
In *Agganippe* Well hath dip'd his Quill,
And fetch'd his paper from *Parnassus* hill;
'Tis true, I have; and had he been another,
(But 'Ile forbear because he is my Brother)
I'de speak his praises, for thus much I do know,
His Works will shew it, more then I can do.

.MR. 51

Jo. Jenkin.

To my dear friend on his
Amorea

How many hours, may daies, I may say years
How many sighs, and vows, how many tears
Hast thou paid to the memorie of one
That (like the Phoenix) vows to live alone.
Could I perswade thee, but it's come too late
I will not make thee more unfortunate,
Suppose (Resuming of a second life)
That Amorea were to be thy wife
That's all could make thee blest, yet she must die
And now she lives to perpetuity

R. M.

To his Dear and ever honoured freind
Mr P. F. on his Poems.

I Shall not flatter ~~Thine~~ Parasite,
I'll not diminish, nor yet add a mite
Unto thy prayse; for what need Gold to be
New gilded or's that's vain curiosity,
If wit be judge then thou art sure of prayse,
And Dunces must not read such lines as these,
For if they should, they'l finde an Epigram
Will tell them to their face, thou art the man:
I could speak much in prayse, but to what end
When all that Read thee do it, no dear friend,
I le wish thee happiness, but this i'll prove,
Thy book will make the Dullest Soul to love.

G. M.

To his dear and ever Honoured friend Mr. P. J.
On his Poem.

Should I write any thing in praise of thee
That were a needless thing, ile rather bee
One of the number: that do thee admire
And then I have all that I do desire:
For two be bound up with your book I know
(Though you admit) my verse will useles seem.

J. C.

To my dear friend on his death

VVhat in the wars and yet a Poet, then
Tell me the difference twixt the sword, and pen
Canst thou with one hand grasp the tempered steel,
And in the other holde thy loved quill,
Be angry in a moment and yet prove
Thy anger onely doth proceed from love:
This day be bravely mounted in the street,
To morrow prostrate at thy Ladies feet?
Write Sonnets in the morning, and ere night
Be deep ingaged in some cruell fight:
Just now a going to a Nuptiall
And presently cal'd to the Funerall
Of some new Slaughtered friend, how can this be
Why thus, the question's plain enough, for we.
(That read thy Poems needs) must do thee right
For thou canst fight, and love, and love, and fight.

R. H.

To his ever friend Mr F. J. ON
his Poems.

I am as full of love as those that do
Write better Verses in the praise of you
(And if it may not be disparagement
To those have writ thy praise) tis my intent :
To write a line or two, that all may know it
Reading thy Poems, I am half a Poet

W. A.

TO Mr P. F. on his Amorea.

HOW should I do my mind for to rehearse
I can write love enough but not in verse
Yet my dear friend do not refuse this mite
For I declare unto the world I write :
Not to win praise, for then I'me sure I shall
Have very little, for you have gotten all,
I am contented, it doth joy my heart
When as I go abroad, in every part;
For to hear this, and th' other Ladie say
Have you not Amorea read to day.
One takes occasion for to praise this thing?
Another will take up her Lute and Sing.
One of thy Sonets; this will drop a tear,
For thy misfortune; some I've heard to swear
Thy Pastroll Poems best, some think it Dutie
To praise that Poem thou hast writ on Beautie
Should I give my opinion? truly I
Compare thy book unto a Lottery
Her'es Gold enough presented to our Eies;
Draw where we will, we cannot miss a prize.

W. C.

T O
A M O R E A;

The DEDICATION.

TO the fairest and divine,
Next unto the Sacred Nine,
To the Queen of love and beauty,
I do offer up my duty;
To the sweetest disposition,
That e're Lover did petition,
To the best and happ'est fortune,
Ever man did yet importune,
To the Lady of all hearts,
That pretend to noble parts;
To the altar of her eyes,
I my self doe sacrifice;
To her ever winning glances,
Here I doe present my fancies;
And to her all commanding look,
I doe dedicate my book.

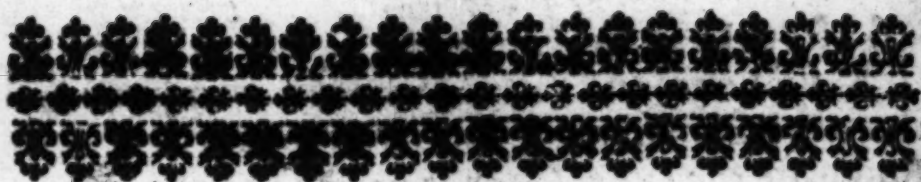
THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF KING
JAMES THE FIRST

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES.
LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall; and by J. DODD, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1757.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS OF THE TRINITY, AND THE COMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN, IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED, I HEREBY COMEND THIS HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF KING JAMES THE FIRST, WHICH I HAVE THE HONOUR TO DEDICATE TO YOUR LORDSHIPS AND YOUR LORDSHIP'S COMMONS.

I AM, MY LORDS, AND YOUR LORDSHIP'S COMMONS, YOUR LORDSHIPS' AND YOUR LORDSHIP'S COMMONS' Obedient Servant,
SAMUEL JOHNSON.



To the Muses.

Muses I do invoke you to inspire,
And grant to me your great and holy aid,
That in my fancies so it may be said,
I favour win, favour'd by your Atire.

Yet how, or what I shall insist upon,
Or on what subject I should first begin,
Against the Muses, sure it is a sin
For me to speak, or think of *Hellicon*.

My barren Muse unfit to entertain,
Or to assume the name of Poetrie,
Although I have presum'd a libertie
My tired mind from Prose a while to wean.

But if the Muses grant their influence,
And will my naked fancy but protect,
All I shall do is wholly to project
A way to make them a large recompence;
And all the praise that comes (if any be)
Is due unto them for inspiring me.

Liberty lost.

AS yet I had not known the rage, and force
 Of Love, and Passion, when I took my course
 Unto the Grove where I was us'd to go,
 And passe the time, (with it had ne're been so.)
 And being come unto the place where I
 Was wont sometimes to walk, sometimes to lie
 Upon the flow'ry banks of Violet,
 And Primrose, interwoven, as if set
 To counterfeit th' *Elizium* Tapistry; (nigh
 (Who could have thought danger should be so
 So sweet a place) when forthwith I began
 To read a while, the story was of *Pan*,
 The God of Rural Sports; where Shepherds fell
 In love with Shapherdeffes, and to tell
 How some one for his love renounc'd a Crown,
 And spent his time with Sheep upon a Down;
 At which I smil'd, that man should be so vain,
 As from a Prince to turn a Shepherd Swain,
 But note what sudden chance befell, and see,
 I laught 't is true, ('twas a sad laugh to me,)
 For having scan'd the vanity of love,
 I heard a fluttering noise come from above,
 When presently there lighted on a tree
 A winged-boy, (the sight was strange to me)
 And wondering at the sight, he forthwith took
 From underneath his wings a Table-book,
 And threw it at my feet, saying young-man
 Look well on this and read no more of *Pan*,
 And saying so he took in hand his bow,
 And shot at me. (I since have felt the blow)
 At which he vanish'd from my sight, when I
 (One y in love with curiosity)

P O E M S.

Unclasp'd the Book, I took it to be so,
 But 'twas a Picture-case, the which did show
 A face which I had never seen till then,
 Which made me to admire it's grace, but when
 I'de view'd it o're, and o're, I took the case
 And threw it from me, but the new-seen face
 Had made so deep impression, that I said,
 Crying aloud, I am betray'd, betray'd,
 And rising from the place, I went away,
 Toward my habitation; but stay,
 And see my sudden change, I that before
 Could boast of freedom, presently I tore
 My Book in pieces, and began to cry
 Love, Tharldome, Madam, Passion, Liberty;
 And like a man distracted I began
 To curse the Winged-boy, and call on Pan,
 But as I call'd, I heard a silent noise
 Within the Wood, and after that a voice
 Which came unto my ear, I heard it say,
 What have I seen, what have I heard to day?
 And looking round about me I esp'd
 (A sight I have repented) by the side
 Of a small running Brook, a Nymph to lie
 Discourfing to her self of destinie,
 I heard her say, wish I had never been
 Abroad to day, or wish I'd never seen
 The Grove, nor Picture, but since it is so
 I will forget it all, and so i'll go;
 And as she spake that word I saw her face,
 The very same the new-found Picture case
 Presented me, when I cry'd out 'tis she,
 She fled and only said 'tis he, 'tis he.

P O E M S.

A Poem Lyrick:

A Morea why so Fair,
Fairer then the clearest ayre,
Brade no more that Auborn hayre,
If in love you do not share,
Beauty doth beget dispare:

Amorea Why so wise,
Far above a mortalls prise,
Drown no more our gloomy eyes,
But accept the Sacrifice,
Of a lovers dying cries:

Amorea why so High:
Why so full of Majesty,
Ah shut up that killing eye
Which by looking can deny,
Only minde the marriage tyo:

Amorea why so Blest,
How so happy in thy rest,
Still denying to invest
In thy chaste, but marble brest,
Any lovers interest:

Amorea cannot be,
Fair but in her puretie;
Nor wise but in her Sanctitie,
Nor high to any but to me,
Nor Blest but in Eternitie:

Peace prating Muse. A Song.

PEace prating Muse do, not declare
 Her great perfection;
 Now she doth not lend an ear
 To thy affection,
 No alas her thoughts are seated
 Too, too high to be repeated:

Come wandring fancy come away
 Thou art neglected,
 Honour bids thee not to stay
 If disrespected,
 Never do her parts admire
 That thy ruine doth desire:

End hopeles love, for ever end;
 She doth not hearken,
 Her resolutions all do bend
 Thy hopes to darken,
 Let her never more delight thee.
 If but once She seems to slight thee.

Away, you vain and fond delights
 away, be gone,
 I nere intend on Hymens Rites
 To think upon,
 Pardon mee I cannot vow it,
 For my dear will not allow it.

Have at a Stand.

Should we but our selves confine
To one settled habitation,
Though the place were all divine
We should long to change our station.

So it was when first I loved,
I resolved not to sever,
But alas it hath so proved
It was force and, and not Indevor,

Should I say that I adore you
You will hardly give me credit;
You will say if I implore you
In his own words I have read it.

That he is unstable, hearken
Love hath bred a deep confusion;
Your denials often darken
But not change my resolution

To Amoreca on his going to Sea.

I. 1

Send not a sigh to follow me behind;
That were unkind.
My totter'd Bark cannot endure that wind,
The force of such a gale
Will overset my saile.

2. 1

Drop not a bootless tear into the Sea,
That's not the way,
Rather be still, and unto Neptune pray,
For if you do but weep,
Your tears provoke the deep.

3.

Yet when I see (too late) the threatening storms,
Portending harm,
I then shall with my self within thine armes,
Not only there to lie,
But only there to die.

His

His Inducement to Love.

1.

DOe not think it is your beauty
That hath so engaged me,
Rather know it is my duty,
Or the bonds that Love, and you tie,
Which are onely found in thee.

2.

Let not *Amorea* wonder
At my too presumptuous aime,
Be but pleased to look yonder
On that Coupple, and but ponder,
You will find as high extreame.

3.

Entertain no thought my dearest,
That your fortune did beget
A liking, though you are the fairest,
And doe far transcend the rarest
Nature hath composed yet.

4.

No, it is your education,
And your vertues that do shine:
But it is disconsolation
To endure a separation
From a vertue so divine.

To

To Amorea from Prison.

1.

Come away and blesse the Grate,
With thy all commanding eye,
Come away,
Doe not stay,
We have conquered our fate
By a suffering Loyalty.
We know how to captivate,
Chain, and bind captivitie.

2.

Come my dearest come and see
What it is to have a mind
Nobly born,
That can scorn,
And disdain a Tyrannie,
Though the Fates do prove unkind
And deny us libertie,
Freedom in our chains we find.

3.

Come away unto the place,
Where the Royal slaves do dwell,
Stay a while,
Send a smile
From that ever blessed face,
See, and hear, then go and tell,
That our Shackles are a grace,
And an honour so farewell.

The Authors danger, and deliverance.

HAVEING left Englands once admired Land,
 And reacht the Ocean (*Neptunes* great command)
 The wind our friend, the sometime boistrions Sea
 Lay smooth and calme, such another day
 Had scarce been seen a day as if it were
 Composed onely of a silent aire.
 The fowl take pleasure on there flaging wing
 The Trytons sound, the subtill Syrens sing,
 The greater fish do leap the lesser Skip.
 The Princely Dolphyns play about our ship.
 And thus be calm'd one takes in hand his Lute
 To play a lesson, this man with a Flute
 Gives a Leavet, another sings a song,
 Of *Cloris*, and a fourth shewes the wrong
 Of *Philamela* and her chance. But when
 It came unto my turn. I took a Pen
 With resolution for to dedicate
 A Poem of our calme, and quiet state
 Unto great *Neptune* but my Pen and hand,
 Were stoped by the voice, and known command
 Of our old Pylot, who a far of spies
 A Gloomy Cloud, which did begin to rise
 With pitchie colour, and anon doth cover,
 The surface of the heavens black all over:
 And now the winde which was before our friend
 No sooner rose, but forthwith did contend,
 Against the happiness which heretofore
 We did enjoy, the Sea began to roare,
 The clouds desolved into rain and we
 Could nothing but our present danger see,

The

The storm rageth and the waves are cast
With lofty force far higher then the Mast,
The night came on, in which on shoar in peace
We use to rest, the tempest doth increase,
The moon doth hide her head as loath to be
A witness of our dismal tragiedy.
The master will not trust unto the helm
None but himself, for fear they overwhelm
The tottered bark; gives his commands at large
That every man stand fast unto his charge,
The horror, and the darkness of the night,
Concurring with the danger doth affright
Our tired men, again he doth command,
Down with the sailes, be nimble now and stand
Unto your labour try the pump, and see
You lose the top mast, quickly let it be;
Now do we wish for day, which now we have,
Onely in use to light us to our grave,
For with the day the storm doth Angement
Which made us see our dangers eminent.
The helm is now no longer governed,
But by the Sea, the Pilot shakes his head
The glass doth caze, the compass standeth still
And knowes no North all signes of following ill,
The waves do carry us as if we should
Salute the clouds, and instantly it would
Throw us down headlong, leaving us to see
The dangers of the Seas Profundity;
Our rigging shatter'd and our sayles are torne
The naked mast looks like a man forlorn
Nothing but prayer is left, we all implore
The God of mercy for a happy shore;
One

One man forgiveness of his sins, doth crave,
 His prayer is stoped by a cruell wave,
 This man to heaven sends his dying cries,
 Till fear had dryed the conduits of his eyes
 A third weeps for his Children; and another
 Cries for his Parents, Sister, and a Brother,
 The fifth doth make a vow, if God doth send
 Him safe to Land he nere more will offend,
 Thus all were fearing, praying, vowing. I,
 After my prayers did *Amorea* cry,
 But still the Tempest doth stir up the Sea,
 Again we labour and again we pray,
 Then did we Sacrifice, unto the Main
 Part of our loading but 'twas all in vain
 For th' unappeased Sea fil'd all again,
 Thus like a second Babel did we fleet.
 Confounded in our language, skill and wit,
 The master cal'd a loud and bid that man
 To hale a rope, he takes the Quarter-Can
 And thinkes to drink, but to prevent his care
 In comes the Sea, and gives a double share
 Unto vs all, the Master bideth some
 To shift the Ballest, they to Pump do come,
 Another he commandeth for to shut
 The hatches, he the Ruther-band did cut
 Thus all confounded, every one betakes
 Himself again to prayer, and each one makes
 Him ready for his death, now hopes are past,
 And every one doth fear he prayes his last,
 But God whose mercy alwaies doth extend
 Beyond his Judgments (mercy without end)
 In sparing Sinners, when we thought to die
 The storme abates, and we the land discry

When

P R O E M S.

11

When presently a Boy to top is fore'd,
 Who makes the Land to be the Irish Coast,
 Whose swelling Seas so boisterous, fearful, rude,
 Do far exceed their Mountains Altitude,
 A Coast but too well known for cruell wrack,
 The Master calls again, commands the Tack
 To be hal'd close Aboard, away he steers,
 And in conclusion, (but not void of fears,)
 We get our haven; where after prayers given
 Unto the God of Earth, the Sea, and Heaven,
 With bended knees, erected hands and eyes,
 We offer prayers, praise, vows, heart-sacrifice;
 We went ashore, where presently I sped,
 My self of paper, writ, what you have read.

Thus God to see where wee'le repent or no,
 Hath sav'd our lives, Heavens grant we may do
 (so.

Hopeless

Hopeless Affection. A Song.

Hopeless Affection, flatter me no more,
 Nor else still flatter me,
 Take from me quickly, ah but first restore
 My loved destiny,
 But 'tis the cruell fate
 Augmenteth my despair,
 Yet my unhappy fates,
 Her love participates.

'Tis *Amorea*, it is only she,
 My dying heart hath slain,
 Pardon me dear mine inhumanitie,
 Come wound it once again,
 For where I die or live
 I freely doe forgive
 Mine own betraying eyes
 Made me thy Sacrifice.

3.
 Come, come away, and kill me with disdain,
 And then I am set free,
 When thou hast done, look on the guiltlesse stain,
 That then doth follow thee:
 For 'twas mine own desire
 To steal Celestial fire
 From off thy beauteous Heaven,
 Forgive, thou art forgiven.

Under his Mistress's Picture.

I.

R Are Artesan, who ere thou art
 That drew this lively counterfeit,
 The work doth shew thou art expert,
 Yet (give leave) 'ts not compleat,
 The reason is when she is near,
 Thy workmanship doth not appear:

II.

Had great *Apelles* present been',
 Or Sir *Vandike*, but standing by,
 And the Original but seen,
 They both together would deny,
 And both refuse to take in hand
 A work that doth their Art command:

B

On

On his departing.

I.

VVhen I was forced to depart
 From *Amorea* ever dear,
 Think you how near
 A sadness then did touch my heart.

An Adamantine Law hath fors't
 Me to depart and leave my bliss,
 Ah sure it is
 A law shall alwayes be accurs't.

Yet go I must, and leave behind
 My happyness unto my greif,
 And no releif
 Is left unto my troubled mind.

4.

Thus should my *Amorea* know,
 Alas she doth, but will not give
 Any Reprive,
 Unto my helpless overthrow.

A Fancie on Courting.

TIs a sport to see our Youth
How they do digress from truth,
When they summon beauties Fort,
And their Ladies first do court.

One will to his Mistress swear,
That she is the only fair,
And where ever he hath been
A sweeter soul he hath not seen.

Another says his Madam is
All his joy, his love, his bliss,
And a third perchance will tell
That his Lady doth excell.

Should one of another Nation,
Come and see our Antick fashion,
How they wry and bow their bodies
To a woman as a Goddess.

He would think that they were paying
Vows, unto a Saint, or praying,
And but see the Lady stand
With her slaves at her command.

He undoubtedly would say,
That So humble Slaves as they
In his travells hath not seen,
Or a more adored Queen;
Yet if their Ladies seem to yeild
They leave the garbe and take the field.

On the Curtain of his Mistress's Picture.

I

VVonder-hider tell me why,
 Thou deniest to our sight,
 And forbid'st our longing eye,
 from her most refulgent light.

2.

Grand-usurper let us see,
 Thy (too rich) concealed treasure,
 That our fancies all with thee,
 May participate in pleasure.

3

Cover-heaven, be but pleased,
 Thy dark shadows to unfold,
 Let our greedy sight be eased,
 With thy more than orient gold.

4.

No, we must not see what's under,
 Thou wilt still deny our suite,
 Least our eyes be struck with wonder,
 And our wonder strike us mute.

Writ

Writ on her Lute.

Tell me Princely instrument,
Whence proceedeth this content,
Doe those taking charms dwell
In thee, or her, I prithee tell?
Is there power in thy Sound,
Not to captivate, but wound?
Doth the efficacie live
In thee, or else she doth it give?
Tell me is it only aire,
Can our hearts so much insnare?
No, it is her heavenly touch,
That concerneth us so much,
When her hands do bless thy strings,
See the pretty little things
How they tremble, yet express
Their gratitude with chearfulness,
Who is he that would not stand,
Trembling if that blessed hand
Should but touch him, who is he
Would not shake unless a tree;
Who is he his joy can smother,
Hearing th'one, or feeling th'other.

To his Dream.

Speak lovely Dream, how could'st thou find
 Phantefies to shew her mind,
 Wast not enough to let us see
 Her face alone, but must we be
 Alwaies in a such a taking,
 Quiet neither asleep nor waking.
 It was but this very night
 She appeared in my sight,
Morpheus having thither sent her,
 I began to complement her,
 But the cursed destinies
 Looking on with jealous eyes,
 Envious at our happy meeting,
Atropus cut off my sleeping,
 Yet he had gi'n me the leasure
 To describe the joy, and pleasure.
 Of this lovely-loving Dream,
 Had not waking lost my Theam.

Command

Commanded to conceal his Love.

1.

Love me, but how, not that it may be known,
Love me, and yet take care no love be shown:
Love me, but that you love me, still disown.

2.

Look not with eyes, that may suspicion give,
Live still in hope, yet alwaies hope to live,
Grieve not at, all but ever seem to grieve.

3.

Think not a thought of Love, but yet retain
Me in your mind, remember, but refrain,
Blot out affection, yet let love remain.

4.

Seem still to change, but changes disapprove.
Remove your passion, yet in passion move,
Do not as much as whisper out your love.

5.

Let fall no word, no thought, no sigh, no tear,
Be joyfull, but let joy be mixt with fear,
Deny to tell a secret to your ear.

6.

For know in love, ther is a such an Art,
He loseth all, a councell will impart,
Let me be only lodged in thy heart.

The Phenix.

I.

Often have I wish'd to know
 Why the Phenix hath her nest
 far removed in the East,
 Now the reason I can show.

2.

'Tis because that in the West
 We 'ave another of her race,
 But we do not know the place
 VVhere she will take up her rest.

3.

'Amorea, it is she,
 Yet alas, it is not known,
 And I doubt will ne're be shown,
 VVhence that happy fire must be:
 Shall this blessed Phenix burn,
 And raise young out of her Urn.

Doves

Loves Elegie.

Ring mournfull Bells, for ever Ring,
 Now *Love* is dead,
 Let *Queristers* forget to Sing
Love being fled.

Musicians all your warbling Art,
 You may set by
 And Learn now to take to heart
Loves Elegie.

Great *Hymens* Court is at an end
 Th' *Elizium* Grove,
 Containeth nothing but a Feind,
 That hateth *Love*.

Mourn youth, and Poets, *Muses*, mourn,
 In Sad attire,
 Your fancies never more shall burn
 With *Loves* chaste fire.

May young and old, and all lament
 This dismall day,
 And all erect a Monument
 On *Loves* dead clay.

No, Ring, Sing, Play, heark what is told,
 Forbear to weep,
 Youth, Poets,, *Muses*, Young, and old,
Love doth but sleep.

Yet

On his Quondam Mistress.

¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
GRace, Vertue, Love, did take, enforce, constrain,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 Sight, Mind & Heart, with Wonder, Fancy, Charms,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 First, Second, Third, did View, Possess, Contain,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 Delight, Love, Joy, was then, embrac'd, in Armes,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 Till Hope, Desire, Trust, fail'd, lost, betray'd,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 Thought, Love, and Faith, is free, gone, and unsaid:
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 Yet Time, Repentance, Grief, shew, prove, declare,
¹ ² ³ ² ³ ³
 Her Fault, Loss, Sorrow; past, too late, not heard,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³ (snare,
 My thought, eyes, heart, found out, saw, break the
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 Wrong, Hate, Deceit, intended, kept, prepar'd,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 But Hope, Joy, Freedom's, seen, possesse, in part,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 Thought, Love, Desire, is true, fixt, in the heart:
¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷
 Not vertue, grace, heart, mind, love, joyes, delight,
¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷
 Take, force, contain, possesse, view, charm the sight,
¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶
 For Hope, desire, trust, thought, love, and faith,
² ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶
 Faile, losse, betray, free, gone, she all unfaith.

Hesperi.

*Hespelon, and Amorea. A Dialogue.**Amorea.*

VV Ho is it that cometh here,
To remove my setled fancies,

Hespelon.

It is one my onely dear,
That hath known all the chances
Of a Lovers carefull fear.

Amorea.

Why alas, is't you my friend!
Have not yet those follies left thee?

Hespelon.

Dear, I never doe intend,
Though my fortunes have bereft me
Of thy presence, for to end.

Amorea.

But perchance you will forget me
When the Object is removed.

Hespelon.

Thy opinion sure will fret me,
But too dearly I have loved
And my passion will not let me.

Amorea.

Yet I hope these toys will leave you
When you see a fairer creature.

Hespelon

Hespolon.

No your Author did deceive you
 It was vertue, and not feature,
 Which Induced me to crave you.

Amorea.

When you riper years aspire,
 May be then your mind will falter.

Hespolon.

Who is he can quench the fire
 Or his resolution alter
 Being taken with desire

Amorea.

Yet in time and absence you
 Will forget me, youth is fickle

Hespolon.

Which if time and absence do
 Let the all destroying Sickle
 Cut me from the world too:

Amorea.

Ah begon my dear I say,
 Do not longer me Importune

Hespolon.

(Curst be that curst day
 But more curs't my curst fortune)
 Saying So, she went away.

*On the five Senses.**Seeing.*

If the treasure on the Pee,
 Ganges, Nile, or Mexicoe,
 With the Beauty of the world,
 All at once upon me hurl'd
 If I cannot see my fair,
 Wealth is winde, and beauties air

Hearing.

If the musick from above,
 Such as all the Gods do love,
 Or the subtile Sirens voyce,
 Were presented to our choyce,
 If my Misters do not hearken
 Ears are deaf, and eyes do darken

Tasting

If *Ambrosia* here were given
 Or *Nepenthe* drunk in Heaven,
 With the most delicious Sallets,
 That ere pleas'd Ambitious pallets,
 If my Lady be not pleas'd,
 Eyes, Eares, and Taste, are all diseas'd

Smelling

Smelling.

If the Spices of the East,
 Were ours, that please the Smell, and Taste;
 All the flowers of Thessalie
 And perfumes of Italy,
 If my dearest do not love it,
 Eyes, Ears, Taste, Smell, disapprove it.

Feeling.

Now the last (but best) I handle,
 But for this I need no Candle,
 If my Mistress do deceive me,
 And of Feeling should bereave mee,
 If her Pulse I cannot charm,
 All my Sences do me harm.

Loves

Loves Liberty.

Vhen Cupid had possess'd my heart
 With *Amoreas* Love,
 And that my more diviner part
 My meaner fancies prove,
 When my affections all were crost
 And she did me deny,
 The fallen Angell only lost
 So great a Liberty.

2

When not obtaining deep despair
 Had conquer'd my minde
 And that a kinde of hopeles fear
 Did all my wishes blinde
 When I shall call to minde the day
 That first I did her see,
 With captiv'd soules I then may say
 I had a Liberty.

3

When with a Swan-like Song I sing
 My *Amoreas* grace,
 My Muse must then in changes ring
 The wonders of her face,
 When with her all commanding Love
 My passions are set free,
 The Spirits of the Elizium grove
 Have no such Liberty.

When

4.

When as I hear her heavenly name
 My Sadness is suppress,
 And nothing but a Loyall flame
 Doth harbour in my brest,
 When with a look my greif is hurl'd
 By the charmes of her eye,
 Onely the Sun that Rules the world,
 Doth know Such liberty.

A Dream.

VVhen Morpheus had possess mine eies
 With sleep, and unconfin'd thought
 Did stray, it to my fancy brought
 The Image I so highly prize.

Sometimes I seem to see my dear
 Tempted with a golden shower,
 And yet so constant that their power,
 Cannot change the mind of her.

Another time unto my greif
 I think I see her for to yeild,
 And almost give up the feild
 Destitute of my Relieif.
 Then do I see (but grive to see)
 A Rivall doth my place possess
 And hath all the happiness
 Which was onely due to me.

Lover

Yet at last if not deceived,
 Amorea is unmoved,
No one but my self she loved,
 Waking then my joyes bereaved.

!His complaint to the Groves.

Groves-inhabitants draw near,
 Afford your aide,
 Let it no more be said
 That I doe live;
Ah come and drop a tear,
 Your sorrow give,
 But no reprieve.

Yet grant (oh grant) that I may dwell
 Within your bowers,
 My few remaining howers,
 Whilest I relate,
And shall in dying tell,
 I'm made by fate
 Unfortunate.

But witness how I loyal die,
 And that I take
 My death for her sweet sake,
 For when I found
That she did me deny,
 Death gave the wound,
 Adue, I found.

To his Ingenious Friend, J. P. Esq; on Limbing.

Speak ingenious Friend of mine,
Be but pleased for to shew,
In what Regent or what Clime
Do those heavenly coullers grow.

We admire the mystery,
Of thy hidden secret Art,
Which not only fills the eye,
But doth captivate the heart.

Here the heedless Lover views,
The well known adored face
Of his Mistress, straight renews
Hopes, and symptomes of new grace.

Here a piece like Beauties Queen,
That a winning modesty,
Then an humble pride is seen,
Thus a stately Majesty.

Here a Countenance is sad,
Ready to dissolve in tears,
There a face that looks half glad,
Intermixt with joy and fears.

Whence are thy rare Pencills brought,
Whence thy Art, and in what place,
Colours are, paint love and thought,
And declare it in the face.

Surely

Surely thou hast gotten wings,
 For to fetch this heavenly dye,
 For they are not *Terrene* things,
 Can so wound both heart and eye.

A Fancie.

From whence whence,
 Unthought of fancie, com'st thou now from
 Is thy pretence,
 To disengage me of a fixed friend;
 From whence,
 Hast thou the pow'r to overthrow the sense,
 Which cannot end,
 But in the love of her to whom,
 I doe pretend.

Away,
 Heart-wounding *Cupid*, now be gone, away
 Ah do not slay,
 My bleeding fancies with thy cruell dart,
 But stay,
 And let me think upon that happy day,
 In which thy Art,
 Did first oblige me to that glorious Ray,
 Else quickly strike my heart.

*A Contention between a Poet and a Limner.**Poet.***I**'Me noble Poetrie, and what are you?*Limner.*

I am the nobler Science of the two.

*Poet.*The nobler Science, tell me how? I can
Write any thing of men. *Lim.* I make the man.*Poet.*

I write of Courts, of Princes, and high things.

Limner.

I draw the lively Portraiture of Kings.

Poet.

I shew the very mind of men in books.

Limner.

'Tis true, but I do shew their mind in looks.

*Poet.*I am wits High-priest for I can inspire.
All those that read my works with sacred fire.*Limner.*And I can boast my skill is from above,
For thousands seeing of my Pieces, love.*Poet.*

I'me alwaies read with wonder and delight,

Limner.

I know you charm the ear; I charm the sight.

*Poet.*Your Art is to be learned, many do it;
There's none can be Apprentice to a Poet.*Limner.*

I must confess you are ingenuous:

But

But what are Poets, if compar'd to us.

Poet.

That you are noble souls, all say as much,
But you are poor. Limb. Were ever Poets rich?

Poet.

I treat of souls of men, you but of faces.
I'me kin unto the Muses. Limb. I to th' Graces.

Poet.

I make men live to perpetuity.

Limbner.

I make them live as long by familie.

Poet.

Well, when your dead I'll write an Eligie,
And set it on your Hearse; thus it shall be,

*Here lies Arts-master, whose lov'd-name shall stand,
Writ in gold Letters by a Poet's hand,
In Great Apello's Temple, there to be
In the next place to lofty Poetrie.*

Limbner.

And if you die before me, to be sure
Your name shall alwaies live by Portraiture.

A Pastorall Poem.

P*hyllaena* having early
 (In a morning that had fairly
 Promis'd the ensuing day
 All the glory of the May)
 With a mellancholly pace
 Come at Length unto the place,
 That for *Phyllaenas* love,
 Called was the Goddess grove,
 Here she used still and wholly,
 For to treat her Mellancolly,
 Here she entertain'd her sadness,
 Though the place did promise gladness,
 For there was the loving Vine,
 With the stately growing Pine,
 Ranks of Cedars there were seen,
 And the Lawrell, Forrests Queen,
 Next the Cipress, and the Yew
 Did present themselves to vew,
 There a Bow'r of Kear is made,
 Here a lovely Murtle shade,
 With the Ivy and the Bayes
 That do crown the Poets Layes
 Here the Poplar, there the Thorne,
 Which hath *Phylamela* born
 And in every tree there stood,
 The Musitions of the wood,
 Starlin, Lennet, and the Thrush,
 Crown'd the top of every bush;
 Underneath was to be seen,
 (Through) a spangled green

Well

Well composed into Bowers
All enamelled with flowers;
As if Nature meant to shew
Whather art was able do;
Was a brook or little River,
Which did seem for to deliver
In its Language all the story,
Of that Nymphs Eternall glory,
Who (as Poets have Inserted)
Was into a stream converted.
Heer She used to retyre,
And the very same desire.
To be private in his Sorrow
Made her shepherd bid goodmorrow
To his sleeping, and to rise,
Shaking Slumber from his eyes,
“Sorrow would not let him stay
“For to entertain the day,
“But commanded him away
And to the grove did fortune hurry
Him, as she began her story:
When she thither was arived,
Being of all joyes deprived,
Only taken up with care.
This sad voice did reach his eare,
Which at first he had neglected,
Being with his greif affected,
Yet because he would not be
Taxed for discourtesie;
Round about him as he pried,
The sad Nymph he had espied
Who her tender limbs had laid
On a mantle that was spred,

On

" On the painted Tapisstry,
 " Of the flower-paved walkes and night
 " To the River did she lie.
 And because he thought her fate
 To his sadness did relate,
 He supposing that her care
 In his Sorrows had a share,
 Out of Curiosity
 Hid himself behind a tree;
 Thus the Nymph being on the ground
 After she had looked rownd,
 Thinking on her present feares
 Thus began her tale with tears;
 Who can better tell then I,
 To deplor the destiny
 Of a sad forsaken Maid,
 Only by my self betrayed,
 I that in the height of life
 When the Graces were at strife
 Which should have the greatest prise
 Language, carriage, voice, or eyes,
 I who ever have been Courted
 With the noblest, and consoorted
 With the most Gentiler sort,
 And knew nothing but the Court
 Nothing then could please me better
 Then to read an humble Letter,
 Such as Lovers do present
 All compos'd of Complement,
 Thus when I shall call to minde
 What is past I then do finde
 All the happy hours are spent
 Which to youth are incident,

And

And can see nothing of truth
 Harbour in unsettled youth;
 Yet when I shall think upon
 The forsaken *Effilon*
 (VVho by his disloyalty
 Hath so disobleiged me)
 Needs I must declare his worth:
 VVith which words he stepped forth,
 Knowing this the first time
 For to vindecate his crime,
 VVith heavy pace and look
 Being come unto the brook
 After he himself had seated,
 His excuse he thus repeated,
 Madam if your very Servant
 Have not still with wishes fervant
 Prosecuted your affection,
 Never give my love protection,
 Only you to have enjoyed
 Be both wish and love destroyed
 Or if ever I have loved
 More then you your self Approved,
 May my Love be still neglected,
 And my falsness be dedected,
 May my heart be ever grived,
 May my vowes be not believed,
 If I do not thee desire,
 Then let heart and vowes expire;
 Therefore dearest——
 Here his hands would fain have brooken
 Truce, if that she had not spoken
 And her angry commands
 Did forbid his longing hands,

Effilon

P O E M S.

Espelon, quoth she, my dear,
 Leave me, least I justly fear,
 That your carriage will deceive me;
 Yet for this I do forgive thee,
 But be sure you are not quitted,
 For the punishment is fittéd,
 You forever shall be banish'd;
 Saying so, away she vanish'd,
 Like an airy broken bubble,
 Leaving him unto his trouble;
 VVhereunto this Pastorall tended,
 No man knows, for here it ended.

To Amorea on his going to Travell.

I.

IF that my Travell were to be so far,
 (My only starre)
 To come again no more,
 Then well I might implore,
 Pardon from *Cupid*, and loves deitie,
 For the offence I've done to Love, and thee.

2.

Yet *Amorea* be but pleaséd now
 To take this vow,
 If Fortune be my friend,
 To grant a happy end
 Unto my journey; offer up I shall,
 To thy blest shrine, my vows, my self, and all!

But

3.

But if I never do return,
 Alas I mourn,
 For her I left behind,
 Yet dearest be so kind,
 Only to think, I only for your sake,
 This journey with my death did undertake.

Writ. at Sea.

NOW had I bid farewell unto the Land,
 And left behind that ever blessed shoare
 Blessed because it *Amorea* bore.
 Yet could not leave to look upon the sand;
 For now my grief began I took in hand
 My Pen, in which my fancies heretofore
 Did once delight, for why, it did restore
 My hopes; but heark, the voice I do adore,
 Commandeth back, who can that voice withstand,
 'Tis *Amorea*, it is her command.

To Cloris, imploring a revenge.

Cloris stay, and do not flie,
Give an eare to my Petition,
Which I offer up and make,
With submission,
And contrition,
That when you do vengeance take,
For dispenced loyaltie,
Take it only of her eye.

For to captivate a lover,
Let it never more have power,
Take away it's former grace,
May a shower
Spoile the flower,
Of her once admired face,
Where she loveth, ah remove her,
Let her love, but still above her.

Cloris, hark to my desire,
And behold my Sacrifice,
Do not passe too hard a sentence,
Drown her eyes,
With her cryes,
Let her know a sad repentance,
But take mercy in thine ire,
'Cause I once did her admire.

In praise of Sack.

(came,
 FROM where, or whence, at first this Lignor
 Or how it had it's being none can tell,
 Where the *Pierian* Fount did give it name,
 Or where it flow'd from *Agganippe*-Well,
 Is now the question, truly I am one
 That do believe the thing which we call *Sherry*,
 Was planted first in sacred *Hellicon*,
 Produced of some strange Celestial Berry;
 One of the reasons, that doth move me to it,
 A reason I prefer before the best,
 I never yet could meet a piece of Poet
 But lov'd to take a glass beyond the rest,
 And there is reason for't; 'twill make his pen
 Run faster then his Muse is able think,
 It sets him far above the reach of men;
 Such is the vertue of this versing drink,
 'Twill raise a drooping spirit to the height
 'Twill send a known Coward unto the wars,
 The tast so heavenly, and the look so bleigh,
 That some do hold it is dissolved Starrs,
 But be it what it will, I never yet
 Have found his equall, not in any thing,
 It makes a man his sorrow to forget,
 Equall's the lowest, with the greatest King,
 What is it 'twill not doe; yet there are some
 That from my praises far enough do vary, (come
 Who by their carriage shew from whence they
 And ne're were so well bred to drink *Canary*,
 And this I know, they are no Gentlemen,
 That (in that very thought) such drink deny,
 VVhich

Which is the Scholars Study, Poets pen ,
 The Lawyers guide, the Lovers deitie ,
 All that the Poets feign, of Nectar is ,
 Composed in this little Sea of blifs ,
 Then Drawer bring it in, the hurt I'le do 'em,
 Is drink to all, that do believe this Poem.

A S O N G.

I Cannot say you are forsworn ,
 Since you have proved true ,
 And yet I think my self forlorn ,
 VVhen by your actions still I view ,
 Your fancy's ranging for a new.

'Tis true, you loved me a while ,
 But soon your love was cold ,
 Then think no more on Beauties guile ,
 For your embraces are grown old ,
 And have no force my heart to hold.

I see the Treasures of that face ,
 VVhich once I doted on
 Is to be found in every place ,
 And all the fleeting graces gone ,
 There's nothing left to look upon.

Yet when you've seen the worlds store ,
 And where the Beauties be ,
 Reclaim your self, I le ask no more ,
 But am content the spoiles to see
 Alone devoted unto me.

On loving of two.

Ladies that you both may know,
 What you to your Servant owe,
 I have both of you adored,
 And have both your loves implored.

If I did but set mine eye,
 On the one, and th'other by;
 I could nothing but admire,
 Being scorch'd with double fire.

Should I on *Clariana* look,
 I doe open Beauties book,
 Where such lessons I do find,
 As they captivate my mind.

If I look upon the first,
 Though she have been too too curst,
 Yet I think new hopes of grace
 Are in *Amorea's* face.

But that hope is soon defaced,
 If *Clariana* will be pleased
 To allow me in her sight,
 Counting it my chief delight,

Amorea's love engageth,
 And a war within me wageth,
Clariana's sweet affection,
 Then must serve for my protection.

If *Clariana* should be ill,
I do all her sickness feel,
But for *Amorea's* trouble,
I consume into a bubble.

Should *Clariana* be but pleas'd;
All my sorrows are appeas'd;
Yet if *Amorea* mourn.
All my joyes to sorrow turn.

Those who *Amorea's* ve seen,
Say she is the *Elizium* Queen,
And that *Clariana's* face,
Only came from *Phoenix*-race.

Scarce can I suppress the flames,
Sent by those adored Dames;
Vvere it not their haughty scorn,
VWas to heavy to be born.

But now all is past and ended,
Had not *Hymen* me befriended,
I would never more have loved,
Had he not my mind disposed.

Saying if I chance to find
One that parallels the mind
Of these Ladies I have named,
She it is for me is framed.

The Shadow.

I.

Yesterday as I was seated,
 And lay sleeping in an Arbour,
 See my hopes were all defeated,
 And were shipwrack'd in their Harbour,
 For I thought I had been taking
 All my treasure in myne armes,
 But it prov'd when I was waking,
 Nothing else but false alar'ms,
 Yet it troubles me the less,
 For the Gods had like success.

2.

One of them as doth appear
 In their Tale, for anger burned
 When he saw his only dear,
 To a shining Cloud was turned,
 A second made his labour vain;
 And another we do see,
 For his Nymph embrac'd a stream,
 And the third a Lawrell-Tree;
 Thus the Gods themselves were used,
 And with shadows are abused.

D.

So

So it was with me alas ,
 When I thought I had my fair ,
 Like a shadow she did pass
 And nothing left but fleeting air ;
 Then I waked discontented ,
 In a posture aigh dispairing,
 But my sadness was prevented,
 By her personall appearing,
 But nothing I of substance write
 Whil'st of shadowes I Indite.

To Amorea walking in her Garden.

See how all things do conspire,
 And agree with her desire,
 For when she doth blesse the walkes
 On each side the Verdure stalkes
 As if waiting her commands,
 Bowe themselves to kisse her hands,
 And the early growing bush,
 Whose rare flowers now do blush ,
 Joying that they're in the way ,
 To her lap their Tribute pay
 And as she her self disposeth
 So the Marigold discloseth
 And her Inward parts discover
 As to the Sun her constant lover,
 Then when she her body shadeth
 Straight the Heliotropian sadeth,

Other

Other flowers take new birth ;
From her presence, scorn the earth,
By imploring a divorce,
From their mother, and their nurse,
“See the Tulips how they bow
“Down their golden heads, and how
“In dumb elloquence they woe
Hoping that, that Blessed hand,
Will confine them for to stand,
In some window there to be
In her presence till they die,
Lilly, Juliflower and Pansy,
All submit unto her fancy
And her pretty fingers do
pray t’accept their offering too,
Hundreds more as good as they
Do come thronging in her way,
To exchange their libertie
For a sweet captivity,
Thus being sated with delight
She begins for to unite
Them into a Garland, and
With her sweet composing hand :
Crown’d her sleeping shepheard, whom
Little thought it was his dome,
Then with humble grace she bowed,
To the rest, who being proud
Of their happiness to meet,
In the Allies with her feet,
Thus she being gone away,
(Ah that dismall fatall day)
The poor youth as soon as he
Waked, found his destenie,

So it was with me alas,
 When I thought I had my fair,
 Like a shadow she did pass
 And nothing left but fleeting air,
 Then I waked discontented,
 In a posture high disparing,
 But my sadness was prevented,
 By her personall appearing,
 But nothing I of substance write
 Whilſt of shadowes I Indure.

To Amorea walking in her Garden

See how all things do conspire
 And agree with her desire,
 For when she doth blisse she walks
 On each side the Verdure stalkes
 And waiting her command,
 Bowe themselves to kisse her hand,
 And the early growing bush,
 VWhole rare flowers now do blisse,
 Joying that they're in the way,
 To her lap their Tribute pay
 And as the her self disposeth
 So the Marigold discloseth
 And her Inward parts discover
 As to the Sun her constant lover,
 Then when she her body shadeth
 Straight the Heliotropian fadeth,

On the perfection of Beauty.

Gaze not on Starr's whose twinckling light
 The spangled glory of the night:
 Nor on the Sun's refulgent eye
 Darting Silver from the sky:
 Look not on Spotless Ermines cho
 For whiteness they excell the Snow,
 Nor pretty Turtle-Doves who be
 The emblems of lov'd amity:
 Think not on Muses, graces, now,
 Nor the Seven wonders we allow,
 Nor would I have you think upon
 The Poet-nursing Hellicon
 Wonder not why, Pearls vallued are,
 Or Rubies why accounted rare,
 Or Diamonds who sparkle forth
 At once their luster and their worth:
 For If *Clariana* come in sight,
 Stars do fall and lose their light,
 The Sun Eclips'd doth part away,
 And sets an end unto the day.
 Ermines run into disgrace,
 Dusted when they see her face.
 Turtles dying leave the Grove
 To see themselves out-gone in love:
 The Muses, Graces, Wonders seven,
 Are vex't that now they are made even.
 Hellicon her self doth fear
 All Poetrie doth flow from her:
 Charles are mad that now they must
 Look't upon as glittering dust.

Rubies

And with that began to tear
 All the favours which he ware
 In her honour, and his crie
 Was disloyaltie I die.

So the Garland which she gave
 Served to adorn his grave.

To Mr. James Sherley on his playes.

Mirrour of Comedies, and of our age,
 That hast re-edified the falling Stage
 And once more built the Theatre with thy pen,
 In Spight of foes, hast made it live again;
 What can we render, thy Admired Playes,
 Already have sequestered the Bayes
 From of the head of those who writ before,
 Which were but shadows to thy works, no more.
 Who is not joyed when he seeth the fall,
 And punishment of vice, thy Cardinall
 And taught by thy Imposture for to shun
 Lascivious courses, or else be undone:
 Thy Brothers teach us love; thy Sisters do;
 In courtly tearms, shew us how to woe.
 Or if we will be read in points of State,
 Then thy Court Secret make us up compleat,
 What shall we offer then, or what Present,
 Wee'l add this Trophey to thy Monument
 That ages yet to come shall hear and see,
 When dead, thy Works a living Elegie.

On the perfection of Beauty.

Gaze not on Starr's whose twinckling light
 The spangled glory of the night :
 Nor on the Suns refulgent eye
 Darting Silver from the sky :
 Look not on Spotless Ermines tho'
 For whiteneſs they excell the Snow,
 Nor pretty Turtle-Doves who be
 The emblems of lov'd amity:
 Think not on Muses, graces, now,
 Nor the Seven wonders we allow,
 Nor would I have you think upon
 The Poet-nurſing Hellicon
 Wonder not why, Pearls vallued are,
 Or Rubies why accounted rare,
 or Diamonds who ſparkle forth
 At once their luſter and their worth:
 For If *Clariana* come in fight,
 Stars do fall and loſe their light,
 The Sun Eclipſ'd doth poſt away,
 And ſets an end unto the day.
 Ermines run into diſgrace,
 Baffled when they ſee her face.
 Turtles dying leave the Grove
 To ſee themſelves out-gone in love:
 The Muses, Graces, Wonders ſeven,
 Are vext that now they are made even.
 Mount Hellicon her ſelf doth fear
 All Poefie doth flow from her:
 Pearles are mad that now they muſt
 Be look't upon as glittering duſt.

Rubies

Rubies asham'd, away did skip,
 And vow'd a vengeance on her lip;
 Diamonds for grief have sworn,
 That they'll never more be worn.

Thus stars are fallen, the Sun is fled,
 Ermines baffled, Turtles dead,
 The Muses, Graces, Hellicon,
 The Wonders, vex, fear, is undone, (sware,
 Pearls, Rubies, Diamonds, are mad, shame,
 And all because *Gloriana* is so fair.

To his unconstant Mistress.

Vhat, only constant in inconstancie?
 And true alone to mutability?
 Like the still changing wind
 That moves the curls of thy hair,
 Kill, or be kind,
 Dissolve or bind
 The double knot of my despair,
 Speak life, or let me die.

For wing'd with hope, and baffled by disdain,
 I think I am not safe, nor am I slain,
 Yet puffed up with desire,
 To reach my earthly happiness,
 My hopes expire,
 In the fire
 Of dull flaming heaviness,
 Burnt up, yet live again.

So in the ballance of hope, love, and fear,
 Secur'd by confidence yet drown'd in care,

I once more come to trie,
 And once again implore,

If you deny,
 Although I die,
 I vow ne're to affect thee more,
 Believe me when I swear.

An Elegie on the Death of the Princess Royal.

Goe, Ladies, stay, ah goe, no stay and mourn
 A while, lay down your Lutes, ah come & turn
 Your deep concerned eyes upon this Tombe,
 Read, and lament, as if you read your doom
 Alas make haste, come pay your Obsequies
 Unto her memory with drowned eyes,
 Attend this Monument, forget to see
 Your selves carrased, may you ever be,
 In mourning habits, and where e're you walk,
 May death and Funeralls be all your talk,
 And if you sleep, may your dreams be of Bells,
 Of Hearses, Coffins, Monuments, and Knells,
 May all your daies of pleasure and delight,
 Be Metamorphosed to dismal night,
 For Vertue's dead, and in her all is gone
 That Vertue's very self can think upon;
 Now certainly a wrack is to be fear'd, fear'd,
 For gon's the Star, and North, by which you
 Gone is the Touch-stone, which was wont to try
 Whither was richer love, or constancy;

Gone is your Torch, and gone away your Sun;
 Your Lights extinguish'd e're it was begun,
 Nothing is left but mourning, but you'll say
 Who it should concern or dismay,
 Or so oblige us H E R to think upon;
 Is't not enough to tell you Vertue's gone:
 It is the *Princess* whom I'de nam'd, but when
 I name Her once, grief drownds my tongue and
 pen.

To *Phyla*.

Phyla I will not enquire,
 What hath been thy past desire,
 Nor is't fitting you should know
 Unto whom I've made a vow,
 Prithee *Phyla* tell me now
 What has made thee to retire,
 Is it 'cause I do admire
 Other beauties, is it so?
 Tell me *Phyla*, I think no,
 For I still retain the fire
 Which was kindled long agoe
 In my mind, and flameth higher,
 If I chance to come but nigh her;
Phyla wilt thou know who 'tis,
 Speak (thy self) thou can'st not misse,

The

P O E M S.

The difference between a Lute, and a Vial

IT fell out the other day,
Two Ladies busie at their play,
Th'one a Vial with her voice,
Did accord a Heavenly noise,
Th'other a Theorboe held,
Which when they the Room had fill'd,
With their Musick then it was,
Striving which of them could pass
Each the other, (then say I,
Musick was Divinity;
Madam, quoth the first, I think,
If *Napenthe* be a drink
That doth reconcile the Gods
When they chance to fall at odds,
Certainly without denial,
'Tis distilled through a Vial;
Quoth the other to confute
Your argument, why not a Lute;
And I comming in the while,
They began to blush and smile,
Saying both, you that so well
Of Love do undertake to tell,
And have ventur'd to set forth
In a Poem the rare worth,
That in Musicks charms lie,
Speak without partiality,
Which is fitter for Love's Quire,
Amphion's Lute, or *Orpheus* Lute;
Thus betwixt a *Scila* I,
And *Charibdis* then did lie,

Should

Should I dare to say a Lute,
 Farewell my intended suite;
 Or if I a Vial praise,
 Then my Mistress I displease,
 Will you take a Poets oath,
 Then by Sack I pleas'd them both,
Amphion's Lute I did advance,
 Because it made the stones to dance,
 And when they had found the trial,
 Which was sweeter Lute or Vial,
 With the reason both were mute,
 Both concluding 'twas a Lute.

The Change.

1.

Chloe, I wondring in my mind,
 Why men do such changlings prove,
 Now the very cause I find,
 'Tis occasioned by love,
 And no judgement from above.

2.

First I found it in my self,
 For I was not born so,
 Yet alas the pievish Elf
 Needs must have a Mistress too;
 Pardon Chloe, 'tis not you.

Which

3.
Which when I had gotten, I
Lost within a day or two
Though I told her I could die
For her love: there came a new,
Made me bid the old adieu.

4.
Thus I chang'd for *Chloe's* sake,
After I had made a vow,
Which I changed and did make
Others that are broken now;
Which my *Chloe* must allow.

5.
For I'me chang'd from hope to fear,
See what *Chloe's* love can doe,
Changed even in my prayers,
Believe me *Chloe* it is true,
Chang'd to all, but King and you.

To Amorea. A Song.

A Morea, when that you
 Honour with your sweet repeating,
 My poor fancies, then I doe
 Think the Heavens are compleating,
 All my joyes, and pleasures too.

Yet the cause I cannot shew,
 Unless it be for this reason,
 That you know it is your due,
 When in Verse I mean to praise one,
 All the glory's meant to you.

For when I begin to vow
 Clariana is my fairest,
 Or do Cbloes love allow,
 Or say Phyla is my dearest,
 All do end in you you know.
 What say, can you then deny,
 But the reason I have found,
 'Tis because that they and I
 Swear your Beauty is the ground,
 Make us call you deity.

On the Inequality of Marriage.

TIs strange to see the unavoyded fate
 Of many in this humour when to late
 They find their error, one perchance will cry
 What should I do against my destiny,
 Another half distracted will persuade
 He's happier in the maid then if he had,
 Obtain'd the Mistres, think fond youth if wise
 Is't better draw a blanch, or have a prize,
 Yet if thou'lt Marry and their be no friend
 Can disingage thee of thy Madness, lend
 And care to reason, first be sure you see
 Where she do correspond in quallitie,
 Not that i'de have you fly too high, and so
 Like Iccarus you drown your self, no, no,
 I'me not for such a Marriage, for I've read
 Of Eagles feathers, if put in a bed
 All other feathers instantly consume
 Devouring those that are not of their plume
 Yet on the contrary, i'de have you show,
 Your self from whence you came go not so low:
 To draw a scorn u-on Posteritie
 For that's a blemish that will never be
 Extinguish'd but by time and perchance you.
 Stooping too low will be Extinguish'd too,
 Is it not pittty that it should be said
 The Son and heir will have a Chamber-maid,
 And who can help it, when it is their doom
 The onely daughter doates upon a groom:
 And so destroy all that their father got
 By wit, or valour, Industry, or lot,

But

But hearken youth, if not infatuate
 To all misfortunes, let's expostulate,
 Why should a Goss-hawke fly at Titmice, or
 What need a Faulcon stoop unto a Dor
 Are not there Princely fowls enough, but they
 Must be content on Butterflies to prey,
 What follies this, are there not medinms left
 To be embrac'd, but just like men bereaft
 Of sense and reason, we must headlong run
 We know not where, before we are undone,
 Can we not be content to change our name
 By transmutation to the very same
 It was before, when suffering Loyaltie
 Shall still be lov'd by noble Honesty
 What would you have, would you joyn Land to
 Do it, provided you go hand in hand, (Land
 In age, birth, fortune, Love, if not take care
 What you do think is good may prove a snare,
 And if these reasons will not serve the turn,
 Fly like, play with the candell, till you burn
 And then you'll let the world see to see
 Marraige, and Hanging goes by destiny.

Clariana's Dream.

I.

Clariana slept, and as she slept,
 The God of Night stood by;
 The God of Love for anger wept,
 That he could not be nigh.

2.

Clariana wept, and weeping cry'd,
 (O'whelmed with her care,)
 VVhat hast thou ask'd, that I deny'd,
 Speak *Hesperon* my dear.

3.

Clariana wak'd, and waking found
 That all was but a Dream,
 She sigh't, and fell into a sound,
 But ne're reviv'd again.

The

Love and Respect.

1.

IT is not that I love the fairest,
 Less then when my love I tendred,
 But 'twas hopeless love, my dearest,
 That my deep affection hindred.

2.

Yet 'tis not hopeless love shall fear me,
 Or command my love to end,
 'Tis the high respect I bear thee,
 Will not leave me to offend.

3.

Were I confident to carry,
 Thy affection it would be
 No content at all to marry,
 If the conquest were not free.

4.

But if you vouchsafe to pardon
 My presumption, do but prove,
 I will render thee the geurdon
 Of a never-dying love.

The Authors dream.

NO long agon being thrown upon my bed
 Repleat with Sorrow, my unfeeling head
 With Perturbation of a troubled minde
 Turn'd giddy with it's cares, no rest could finde,
 It was about the hour that the clock
 Had stricken two, the early waking Cock,
 Had giv'n his first Allartum to the day,
 Sleep seas'd my drowned eyes, and greif gave way
 To nature to (exact her tribute) when
 Somnious who doth command the eyes of men:
 Did charm me first asleep, then sent a dream
 The which disturbed my late settled brain,
 And thus it was, me thought I had set forth,
 A little Pinnice, which towards the North
 Was bound with swelling sayles: a lofty winde
 Yet not too high encountred me behinde:
 The Symptomes of a happie voyage and all
 Good fortune on our side did seem to fall
 For having past the Isles of th' Orcades
 Norvegia, Thule, (next the frozen Seas)
 And having more then hopes to reach our Port
 Neptune as if he meant himself to sport,
 With our mishapes, bid the winds blow and they
 No sooner were commanded but obey

E

And

And every thing conforming to his will
 Made us to soon to see our cause was ill
 When after all our Masts and rigging spent
 With all misfortunes that are Incident.
 To Saylers in storme: we discry'd
 Two other Vessels driven with the Tide?
 And labouring for their Haven but they found
 To soon unto their loss, themselves a ground
 The Climate where we were, and the degree
 Was known to them, and not unknown to me
 The Northern *Amazons* possesse the Land
 Their Queen *Clarianna*, under whose comand
 The Countrie flourish, and the very place
 Where the Ships stood, night to her Palace was
 Yet could not I so happy be as they,
 For when I had recovered the Bay
 A second storm did assail us and
 Neptune to Eolus had given his hand
 To make us only wretched as if both
 Had past their pledges by a mutuall Oath
 To Thunder down their vengeance for the most
 That each of them could do, we felt the worst
 But that I may not Vary from my Theam
 Because 'tis pertinent unto my Dream,
 Know the two Ships were driven to the Land
 And stuck half buried on a Bar of Sand.

On the Ports Star-boord side the one was fast
Th' other a little to the Larboord cast.
Betwixt them was the River wherein we
Must thrust our torn vessel or else be
Ingulf'd in sudden ruin; at which I
Spake to the Master with a hastie cry:
Demanding his advice, and what to do:
Quoth he our evils now are more then two;
For if to windward of that ship we stand
Then ours will be involved in the Sand
To Leeward of the other should we fall,
Undoubtedly we lose ship, men and all:
For every side ther's danger, should we steer
Betwixt them both, on every hand ther's fear;
Offalling soul, again, if we should trust
Unto our Anchors, that's the very worst.
Well this is to be done (and what de'e think)
We're in betwixt them, if we sink, we sink:
These were his words, and in this very Fashion
He brought them out, but hold the Scituation
Of *Clariana's* Pallace shall be shown,
For such a gracefull object must be knowe.
The house was seated on a rising hill,
Inthrind with Cyprus trees but here my quill
Will prove deficient, should I but talke:
Or set the graces forth of every walk.

If on the buildings I should write or look
 My pen would run it self into a book.
 But I'll decline the hill again for fear
 I should forget my Dream and end it there,
 Which must not be before I let you see
 What happened in my Dream and unto me,
 For being Sad and penfive in my minde
 'Cause I could not th' interpretation finde
 I grew more troubled, but this accident
 My greif and sorrows quickly did prevent:
 It seem'd to me I saw before mine eyes
 The ground to open, and a man to rise
 Whose venerable age had showred
 A Snowy benediction on his head,
 And in one hand (me thought) he held a Globe,
 And in the other was an Astralobe
 The moon upon his head, a glittering Coate
 Spangled with starrs he wore which did denote
 What he had been in his foregoing years
 'Tis like he knew the motion of the Spheres:
 The heavens Influence which doth infer
 The man had been a great *Astronomer*.
 And thus he spake: Come hither musing youth
 Know that thy Dream hath something in't of truth
 Sit down, observe, remember what is told,
 And thus he did begin my Dream unfold.

The

The Pinnice thou wert in doth Signify,
Thy very self, the Swelling sayles thy high
Ambitious aime; the wind that followed thee
Portendeth all good hap undoubtedly;
The countries thou didst pass by and the Seas
Shew thou hast mist some fortunes in thy daies:
But nothing lost, next did I list to shew
Who Neptune is but will not for I know
To soon thou'lt finde it out: for it is he
Will crosse thy hopes, and then remember me:
The falling of thy mast denoteth plain
Obstructions will impede and intervean
Betwixt thee and thy wish; the other two
That seemed ships are men as well as you:
And that I may not speak misteriously
They are thy Rivalls who most certainly,
Will do their utmost and the haven is
No other but your vertuous Mistress: (and
Their going a ground their want of Judgment
Doth shew they were to young to take in hand
So great a voyage; the Climate and degree,
Her name and quallicle I'm sure must be
That they were *Amazons*, it doth dilate
A sprightly Lady; the Queens name, her state
That the ships strook, so nigh her palace fume
Shews the unhappiness they must endure

And that the bay thou reachest it doth tell
After the storm is past it may goe well,
That *Eolus* and *Neptune* did combine,
Doth say two crossing Councillors will joyn
To blow up thy designs, but they'l be crost,
For be contented they are like to lost
Their thankless labours; that the ships strook I'me
bold
To let thee know, by sand is meant her Gold;
Betwixt them did the River run; that doth
The Ladies equal couldness shew to both,
Thy hasty crie be sure doth intimate,
Thou make dispatch, or else 'twill be too late.
The man of whom thou did'st implore advice,
Is thy best friend in Council; if thou'rt wise
Observe his words, be sure thou understand
The dangers threatned on every hand,
The Masters last advice doth shew to thee
That resolution must not wanting be;
The Gracefull Pallace, and it's scituation,
It shews the Ladies vertuous education,
That it was seated on a rising hill,
Declares her Birth and Beauty, which thy Quill
Can never praise enough, the Trees set fourth
Her noble parts, the Walks her grace and worth.
Thus have I shew'd thee all, and lastly I,
Am called by the name of *Psollomy*,

At which I wondred when I thought upon
 He died many hundred years ago :
 And then I answer'd, saying, Reverend Sage,
 Thou hast not let me know her name nor age,
 But what I said was spoken to the wind,
 For he was vanished, yet left behind,
 A role of Paper, which I greedily
 Snatch'd from the ground, and read as hastily,
 And thus it did contain, If any do
 For curiosity, desire to know
 What course the Pinnacle took, and what became
 Of the two ships, or what the Ladies name,
 With the conclusion? let thy answer be,
 'Tis wholly left unto *Astronomie*,
 To give a happy period to the thing,
 And reading here, sleep with a hastie wing
 Began to fly me, yet the time was given
 To read these following words, 'Tis only Heaven
 Can give a blessing, and compose thy cares,
 'Tis Heav'n must be propitious to thy prayers,
 Commit thy waies to Heav'n, and Heaven will
 Direct thee what to do, protect thee still,
 And Heav'n will bless thee sleeping, keep thee waking.
 And thus I waked when these words were speak-

To the Sun.

1.
GOe Glorious Sun,
 I Set in perpetual night,
 I shun thy light,
 Now she is gone
 In whom all joyes did shine,
 My darkned sight
 Can see nothing that is divine.

2.
 Goe glorious Sun,
 And tell her brighter Ray
 I come away,
 Tell her I run,
 My coming is not far,
 The message can be done
 By none but thee unto a Starr.

On the Death of his Mistress.

1.

A Sk me not why the Rose doth fade,
Lillies look pale, and Flowers die,
Question not why the Mirtle shade,
Her wonted shadows doth denie,

2.

Seek not to know from whence begun
The sadness of the Nightingale,
Nor why the Helletrope and Sun,
Their constant Amitie do fail.

3.

The Turtle's grief look not upon,
Nor why the Palm-tree doth mourn,
When Widow-like they're left alone,
Nor Phenix, why her self doth burn.

4.

For she is dead which life did give
Unto those things that here I name,
They fade, change, wither, cease to live,
Pine, and consume into a flame.

On

On His Sacred MAJESTIES happy
Restoration.

HAve you not seen after some boisterous night
The Sun's approach, when he salutes our
fight,
Have you not view'd the lustre that it yields,
In gilding every thing, the very Fields
As yet bedew'd with tears, and coulds annoy,
Do weep and smile together both for joy;
Just so it is with us: hark what a noise
Runs through the Land, all to express our joyes:
Our Sun's return'd unto his longing Land,
And brought *Amnistie* with him in his hand,
Never did *Persians* rejoice to see
The Sun they worship, half so much as we;
Nor *Greenland* that hath darkness half the year,
Is not so joy'd when the Sun doth appear,
To stay six moneths within that Hemisphere. }
Our King hath brought Religion home, & peace,
Attended on with plenty and increase;
We know no war, no sword, no fierce Alar'ms,
But from Arm, Arm, we now goe arm in arm;
A blessed change, a such a change as this
Surpasseth any *Metamorphosis*,
Where men are turn'd to Monsters, here we see
Monsters put off their inhumanitie,
Here is the golden age return'd agen,
The Lamb takes up his rest in th' Lions den, }
The very Pirates they turn Merchant-men;
And those who but a while agoe would slay,
Any of those they thought stood in their way:

And

And nothing heard of discord one with th'other,
There's no name known, unless the name of Brother;

And of our wrongs there's no reiteration,
A happy turn, a blessed Restauration,
See but the carrying on this mighty thing;
When we'd tri'd all, there's nothing but a King
Could heal our breaches, and when he was come,
All interests had their satisfaction,
And note the carriage of the work, and then
You'll see the hand of God, 'twas not of men,
The difference was composed, for we find
So many thousands to be of one mind,
And all agree in one, observe but this,
Both Land, and Sea, concurred in our bliss,
It is observable, the Moneth of May,
Did post unto her Nine and twentieth Day,
That day which first gave life unto our KING,
Was double blessed by his Coming In:
Should we abuse this mercy, (but 'tis sin
To think a thought to let Rebellion in)
By breaking of this happy Union,
When all is buried in Oblivion,
'Twould be a means such curses for to bring,
As Heaven defend us from.

God save the KING.

To the most Honour'd Sir James Smith Knight,
On his many favours received.

S I R,

I Fear my boldness may impute me rude,
And to say nothing were ingratitude;
Can I for favours had of such a one,
Burie my thanks in dark oblivion,
And where I ought to pay all thankfulness.
Render my self base, by forgetfulness;
Should I which have received from your hand,
Of bounty, so much kindness; should I stand,
Without acknowledgement, as if that I
Were quite devested of civility;
No, no, such Boons as those, must needs require
Returns, which (in some measure of desire)
Should testifie, a gratefull mind, in part
He payes such debts, which has a thankfull heart,
And such my payment for these loves, must be
Pay'd by good wishes, to eternitie.

To Celinda.

I.

Come Celinda, come away,
 Sweet Celinda do not stay,
 Bless our longing longing eyes,
 Harken to your Shepherd's cries,
 That doth vow,
 To allow

Every year unto that day

Such a thankfull Sacrifice,

As he 'th sworn for to lay

Half his Flock: come, come away

And when my Celinda shall

Make me happy by a call,

Saying Shepherd now I come,

See Alexis be at home;

Then I'll make,

For her sake

A Holy-day throughout the Vale.

Giving all my Flock to some

Shepherd: that hath known all

My love. I hear Celinda call

EPIGRAMS.

*On a simple Gentleman which spake in dis-
praise of Poetry.*

A Gentleman, for want of education,
Said Epigrams, and Poems, were but toys,
And in his judgement and small estimation,
Are only fit for Girls, and for Boyes:
Another standing by that wished well
To Poetry, and lov'd a witty Rhime;
Your judgement Sir, alas what can you tell?
Thus 'tis to cast a Pearl before a Swine,
Pray hold your peace, for Poets hold it fit,
That Ignorance must not be Judge of Wit.

On my want of Money.

VVhat though I want *Pecunia*, what of it,
I never passed such a merry age,
As when I did employ my little wit,
To free my self of this sad Pilgrimage,
But by experience I find Poetry,
'Tis sad to tell, shakes hands with poverty.

On a Vintner

A Vintner on a time did me perswade
To make an Epigram upon his Trade,
Only the love of Sack did make me write.
They're glad to see men drop, but will not fight,
And yet are alwaies Drawing, which implies,
When others fall, such Knaves as they do rise.

On a Lawyers Wife.

A Lawyer did complain unto his Wife,
He ne're had such a Tearm in all his life;
Content your self (quoth she) but this Vacation,
And the next Tearm Ple use my Occupation,
For with my Little Common Law I've found
A trick in Plea, to get me many a pound.

On a Taylor.

A Taylor that for me had made a Suit,
'Twas *Allamode*, and all things fitting to't;
But when I put it on, I was in wrath,
Telling the Rascall he had stole my Cloth,
It is too short said I, thou'lt made it ill,
Be pleas'd (quoth he) Ple length'ne with my Bill.

On a Poetaster.

A Poetaster of our latter times
Began to versify upon the Vine
He ask't me my opinion of his rhimes;
I told him they were very like our wine
What do you mean quoth he are they not good:
Yes Passing good said I, if understood.

On Frenetta.
Frenetta is a gamster most men know,
Yet she will venture all on a good cast:
And though her fortune be but bad at throw
She hopes to keep an oppen point at last,
Then be as fortunate, as e're you can,
Frenetta's sure to carry the first Man.

On a Debauch Scollar

SCollasticus with much Philosophy,
Began to praise the University;
And after three years study now he sees
That he is able for to take degrees
All men that know him, see that he is able
At Tavern, Tennis, Dice, and Billiard-table
For by degrees, he hath learnt a way of late,
To spend a very fair, and large estate.

On a Coukold.

OLD Cuck, and his young new married Wife
Had ne're a quiet hour in all their life
For in their Jarring, this is still his note
Telling his wife, she was not worth a groat
Thou'lt say quoth she, for thou hast more with me
Then ever I am like to have by thee,
Why, what, you base confounded Whore quoth he
Mornes, Coukold, Knave, if I a Whore must be.

On a Double Marriage

Sir Seldom Sober, and his eldest Son
 Came to Sir Idle Spend thrifts dwelling place
 After the Ceremonies all were done,
 Young Sober ask't to see his Daughter Grace.
 Is that your errand Sir (quoth Spendthrift) here
 She hath not been with me (I know not when,
 Nor yet with us quoth Sober for I swear
 I've seen her not this twenty years and ten,
 Pardon me then quoth Spendthrift, you must tary
 For Cosen Germans are forbid to Marry.

On a Zealous Brother

Reverendus prayeth much and singeth Psalms
 Gives to the poor, but will not have it known
 And when that he doth sheweth his Almes
 No Trumpet shall within his gate be blown
 But in the world may plainly Judge and see
 Reverendus is not what he seems to be.

On a Lawyer.

A Lawyer is a man, I know not how
 For to describe him right as I should do,
 For if a man another chance to sue,
 He's for the Plaintiff and Defendant too
 And though I'm a leeter yet unto his face
 God bless your worship, how goes on my cause
 Why well quoth he, provided that this Bill
 Be satisfied, or else it may go ill
 They are the painful men in all the nation
 And why they can't abide a long Vacation
 Yet if my cause be spoild, he must be prais'd
 Give them good Terms and such like Knives

On a Shoemaker.

Crispian with another would contend
 His trade, and Calling ne're should have an End
 'Tis strange that Crispianus So will strive,
 For why without his Ends he cannot live,
 Yet though he Waxeth poor it is confest
 His trade will holde unto the very Last,

A

Holy Shier that did helde me ere
 Walking abroad upon a Lecture-day
 Did meet a very zealous Presbiter
 Who gave eortly her, ere he went away
 I would not do it, but to save your oster

On Mistress Florella.

Mistress Florella had a Plat of Land
 In tail'd to her so long as she did live,
 An honest fellow that did understand
 She would dispose it, ask'd what he should give,
 Florella understood the Fellow had,
 A Pole of Ground would fetch her a hair,
 Why Sir quoth she, I shall be very glad
 To exchange, if that your evidence be fair,
 The woman shew'd a trial on record,
 And would join issue with him if he please,
 The Fellow could not stand unto his word,
 And yet he found it was an open Case,
 Your title's lame said she, you cannot seal,
 For you your self are Tenant but in Tail.

On a Holy Sister.

A Holy Sister that did seldome erre,
 Walking abroad upon a Lecture-day,
 Did meet a very zealous Presbiter,
 Who sware to try her, ere he went away;
 Nay, fie, ah sad, ver'ly indeed forsooth,
 I would not do it, but to save your oath.

On a Puny Schollar.

A Puny Schollar that had got degree,
Would take a journey for his recreation,
Into the Countrey, took the liberty
To preach, his Text was in the Lamentations;
The Fellow never from his Text did fall,
For the whole work was Lamentable all.

On Hunters.

Hunters are men of a strange constitution,
For most love peace, they bawling and confusion;
It is not possible Hunters can thrive,
That make themselves such prisoners while they live,
For why, the Hunters doth himself confine
Unto a cursed Kennell all his time,
And in the end perchance Akeon's fate
Falls on his head, and eates up his Estate.

EPIGRAMS.

On Falconers.

Falconers for whooping, hollowing, whistling, I
Do think they're born mad, and so will die.
Yet I confess it is a Noble sight,
To see a Hawk to make a gallant flight,
Were't not that in the end unhappily,
The Hawk, and fortunes both away do fly.

On a Poet.

Should I forbear to write an Epigram
Upon a Poet, this, or th other man
Might pick a quarrell, asking what are you
That write these Epigrams, a Poet too,
Peace Buzzard, peace for fear I do pronounce
Another Epigram upon a Duncie,
The worst that Blockheads dare to speak of it,
Poets are (poor in person) rich in wit.

The Unfortunate Lover.

1.

I That *Amoris* loved,
I who in her love delighted,
I, poor I, am disapproved,
I, and only I, am slighted.

2.

I which in her love did glory,
I am he that once was blessed;
I can speak the saddest story
I in Love have found expressed.

3.

I that thought the time was wasted,
I mispendd from her presence,
I a sad farewell have tasted,
I alas have lost my Essence.

4.

I the Wretch whom Love hath smitten,
I by love was ne're befriended,
I that sometime Love have written,
I have done for Love is ended.

The Conclusion.

Like to a Ship that now involv'd must be
 In th' Abiss of all profundity,
 When a *Charibdis* sends a cruell Billow
 To intimate his thundring neighbour *Selle*,
 To entertain the Wrack, or like a man
 That just before his death, sings with the Swan:
 So it is now with me; I Verlesey,
 And Carroll out my dying Tragedy.
 'Twas *Amorea*, it was only she,
 The sole effect of my lov'd destinie:
 'Twas she alone that could the sentence give,
 And after judgement grant a sweet reprieve;
 'Twas she at first, that stole my liberty,
 Making it captive, which was born free,
 'Twas she that did command me for to prove,
 And write the best of passions, which is Love:
 'Twas she that set my senses all at strife,
 'Tis she that can, but will not save a life,
 'Tis she my thoughts have put in a confusion,
 'Tis she presented me with this conclusion;
 'Twas she that scorned such a love as mine is,
 'Tis she hath gi'n my Love and Book a

P I N I S

(27)
To his little Book,

GOe little Book, let *Amorea* know
What she doth owe
Unto thy Authour, and her dying Swain
Shew her disdain;
No, stay and take thy errand, let her see
'Tis cruell she
Hath brought her servant to a deep despair,
By being fair.
But goe and do not fear to tell her, goe and show
That lovely foe
By disoblieging him, and flighting thee,
Both are set free;
And if in reading thee, that killing Saine
Doth once relent;
Tell her it was her scornfull Tyrannie,
Hath set an end unto my love and thee.

To his little Book.

Go: little Book, let Answer know
What the doer owe

On the *Copyright* of his Book, to the *Reader*.
Shew her disdain;

I Need no Index to my Book, for 'tis
So little, that I'm sure you cannot miss;
Yet 'cause 'tis usual, I will immitate
The Major Poets: do not be angry at
My bold presumption, if thou'rt such a one,
My Book shall have *Comments*, tho' thou hast none.

As I in writing this killing Stain
Dost exercise;
Tell her it was her self that kill'd
Hath let an end unto my love and care.



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ERA

On a Simple Gentleman which speaks in his own
Postscript
On the merit of money.



ERATA.

Excuse the errors in each leaf, and line
In every word, and every Character.
The greatest error I confess is mine
Writing, for in silence none can err;
Whoso'er the Reader be I him Implore
That shall vouchsafe to Read this little Book
Between the errors I will ask no more,
To pass them over with a candid look;
And if thou hast not so much Charity
I leave not for the Errors nor for thee.



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